

A PANEGYRICK TO THE KING.

Great Sir, may all the World give you Content,
 And especially your Parliament;
 You I account in state of Marriage are,
 The Wife's happy when you your self so rare.
 All things, says the Philosopher, most happy be,
 According to the rise of each degree:
 That being done, things then will run most even;
 And great men below, live as were in Heaven:
 Kings are like Gods; and therefore what they do say
 Is like the Oracle, to make us brisk and gay.
 And who won't by so good a King be led,
 Wants Faith, and has Wind-mills in his Head.
 'Tis Read, we must not boast of to Morrow,
 For if we do, 'tis the way to Sorrow:
 Let Time bring with it, and from her Womb
 Let her yield Health's Daughter, or Sicknel's Son;
 Since he has told us as to the Succession,
 He won't make void by any great Concession:

For

For Fathers, Mothers, and great Brothers dear,
 Legerdemain Nature, and they vanquish fear :
 'Tis each ones Case, we prefer a Brother
 Before Strangers, or yet any other.
 And shall we desire the same thing from him,
 Our Good, our Merciful, and our Gracious King ?
 Nothing so bad that possibly can again
 Touch the Anointed, and his Golden Train :
 None would, or has a Power or Heart to do,
 But the Damned Jesuite, and his Bloody Crew.
 Religion true, commands Obedience still
 To Kings, whether they are good, or whether ill,
 Since 'tis its Precepts, not to let fly
 Against Blest Christian Monarchy.
 For if that we do, in our own Nets we
 Shall be taken into Captivity,
 And carried to the dismal place of those,
 Where Joys flye off, and dismal sorrow grows.
 Let Prayers to Heaven therefore constant be
 For Kings, and all that are in Authority,
 For Parliaments, and also for Religion,
 Making Chaste and Loving like Turtle and Pidgeon,
 That Quiet, Honest, and eke Godly lives
 We may in Pleasure live with our kind Wives.
 And having by our duty done all we can,
 On we shall mount to the Heavenly Canaan,
 Where we shall be Rewarded as the blest;
 And for ever shall take our joyful rest,
 As Christians, Loyalists, and that far and near,
 In the Ravisht Air above, beyond the Hemisphere.

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